Intervenes Woman

BY ROBERT BARR.

Author of "The Face and the Mask," "In the Midst of Alarms," etc.

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When George Wentworth received this message he read it several times over before its full meaning dawned upon him. Then he paced up and down his room and gave way to his feelings. His best friends, who had been privileged to hear George's vocabulary when he was rather angry admitted that the young man had a finency of expression which was very much more terse than proper. When the real sig nificance of the dispatch became apparent te him, George outdid himself in this particular line. Then he realized that, how ever consolatory such language is to a very angry man, it does little good in any practical way. He paced silently up and down the room, wondering what he could do, and the more he wondered the less light he saw through the fog. He put on his hat and went into the other room. "Henry," he said to his partner, "do you know anybody who would lend me

Henry inughed. The idea of anytody lending that sum of money except, a the very best security was in itself extremely

very best security was in itself extremely comic.

"Do you want it today?" he asked.

"Yes, I want it today."

"Wesh, I don't know any better plan than to go out into the street and ask every man if he has the sum about him. You are certain to meet men who have very much more than £20,000, and perhaps one of them, struck by your very same appearance at the moment, might hand over the sam to syour I think, however, George, that you would be more successful if you met the capitalist in a secluded lane some dark night, and had a good reliable club in your hand."

"You are right," said George. "Of coarse, there is just as much possibility of my reaching the moon as getting that sum of money on short botice."

"Yes, or on long notice either, I imagine. I know plenty of men who have the money, but I wouldn't undertake to ask them for It, and I don't believe you would. Still, the section of the street was treet they tree the wouldn't men the most the review of the section.

It, and I don't believe you would. Still, there is nothing like trying. He who tries may succeed, but no one can succeed who doesn't try. Why not go to old Longworth? He could let you have the money in a moment if he wanted to do so. He knows you. What's your security, what are you going todo with it—that eternal mine of yours?"

"Yes, that "eternal mine" I want it to be mine. That is why I need the £20,000." "Well, George, I don't see much hope for you. You never spoke to old Longworth about it, did you? He wasn't one of the "No, he was not. I wish he had been. He would have treated us better than his ras. cally nephew has done."

"Ah, that immaculate young man has been playing you tricks, has he?"

"He has played me one trick, which is trouch."

mough."
"Well, why don't you go and see the old
man and lay the case before him? He
treats that nephew as if he were his son.
Now, a man will do a great deal for his son, and perhaps old Longworth might do some thing for his nephew."
"Yes, but I should have to explain to

"Yes, but I should have to explain to blin that his uspliew is a scoundrel."

"Very well, that is just the kind of explanation to bring the £20,000. If his nephew really is a scoundrel, and you can prove it, you could not want a better level than that on the old man's money bags."

"Hy Jove," said Wentworth, "I believe I shall try R. I want to let him know, anyhow, wint sort of a man his nephew is 1'll go and see him."

"I would," said the other, turning to bis work. And so George Wentworth, putting the cablegram in his pocket, went to see old Mr. Longworth in a frame of mind in which no man should see his fellow-man. He did not wait to be announced, but waiked, to the astonishment of the clerk, straight into Mr. Longworth's room. He found the old man seated at his

n. He found the old man seated at his

cesk.

"Good-day, Mr. Wentworth," said the financer cordially,

"Good-day," replied George curily. "I have come to read a cable dispatch to you or to let you read it." He threw the dispatch down before the old gentleman who adjusted his spectucles and read it. Then he looked up inquiringly at Wentworth.

"You don't understand it, do you?" said the latter.

"I confess, I do not. The Longworth in

"No, it does not refer to you, but it refers to one of your house. Your nepbew, Walliam Longworth, is a scoundrel!"
"Ah," said the old man, placing the dispatch on the desk again, and removing his glasses. "Have you come to tell me that?"

Yes. I have. Did you know it be-

"No. I did not." answered the old gentheman, his color rising, "and I do not know it now. I know you say so, and I think very likely you will be giad to take back what you have said. I will at least give you the opportunity."

"So far from taking it back. Mr. Long-

worth. I shall prove it. Your nephew formed a partnership with my friend Ken-yon and myself to float on the London market a certain Canadian mine."
"My dear sir," broke in the old gentle-man, "I have no desire to hear of my

nephew's private speculations. I have nothing to do with them. I have nothing to do with your name. The matter is of no interest whatever to me, and I must de-cline to hear anything about it. You are, also, if you will excuse my saying so, not in a fit state of temper to talk to any gentleman. If you like to come back here



Old Mr. Longworth Is Surprised.

pleased to listen to what you have to

"I shall never be calmer on this subject. I have told you that your nephew is a scoundrel. You are pleased to deny the ac-

econdrel. You are pleased to deny the accusation."

"I do not deny it; I merely said I did not know it was the case, and I do not believe it, that is all."

"Very well, the moment I begin to show you proof that things are as I say—"

"My dear sir," cried the elder man, with some heat, "you are not showing proof.

You are merely making assertions, and assertions about a man who is absent—who is not here to defend himself. If you have anything to say against William Longworth, come and say it when he is here, and he shall answer for himself. It is cowardly of you, and ungenerous to me, to make a number of accusations which I am in no wise able to refute."

"Will you listen to what I have to say?"
"No; I will not."
"Then by God, you shall?" and with that

Wentworth strode to the door and turned the key, while the old man rose from his seat and faced him.

"Do you mean to threaten me, sir, in my wn office?" "I mean to threaten me, ar, in my own office?"

"I mean to say, Mr. Longworth, that I have made a statement, which I am going to prove to you. I mean that you shall issen to me, and listen to me now."

"And I say, if you have anything to charge against my nephew, come and say it when he is here."

"When he is been Mr. Longworth, if

he is here."
"When he is bern, Mr. Longworth, it will be too late to say it; at present you can repifir the injury he has done. When he returns to Engined you cannot do so, no matter how haich you might wish to make the attempt."
The old man stood irresolute for a moment,

the he set down in his char again.

"Very well," he said, war a sigh. "I am not so combative as I once was. Go on with your story."
"My story is very short," said Went-worth. "It simply amounts to this. You know your nephew formed a partnership with us in relation to the Canadian mine."
"I know nothing about it. I tell you."

with us in relation to the Canadian mine:

"I know nothing about it, I tell you,"
answered Mr. Longworth.

"Very well, you know it now."

"I know you say so."

"Do you doubt my word?"

"I will tell you more about that when I hear what you have to say. Go on."

"Well your nephew pretending to add in

"I will tell you more about that when I hear what you have to say. Go on."

"Well, your nephew, pretending to aid us in forming this company, did everything to related our progress. He engaged offices that took a long time to fit up, and which we had, at last, to take in hand ourselves. Then he left for a week, leaving us no address, and refusing to answer the letters I sent to his office for him. On one pretext or another the forming of the company was delayed, until, at length, when the option by which Mr. Kenyon held the mine had only a month to run, your nephew went to America in company with Mr. Melville, ostensibly to see and report upon the property. After waiting a certain length of time and hearing nothing from him, he had promised to cable us. Kenyon went to America to get a renewal of the option. This cablegram explains his success. He

the more unjustifiable it seemed. He wondered what his nephew had been at, and tried to remember what Wentworth had charged against him. He could not recollect the angrier portions of the interview, having, as it were, blotted the charges from his mind. There remalaed, however, a very bitter resemment against Wentworth. Mr. Longworth searched his conscience to see if he could be in the least to blame, but he found nahing in the recollection of his dealings with the young men to justify him in feeling at nil responsible for the disaster that had overtaken them. He read his favorite evening paper with less than his usual interest, for every now and then the episode in his office would crop up in his mind. n his office would crop up in his mind. nally be said sharply: "Edith?"

"Edith?"

"Yes, father," answered his daughter.
"You remember a person named Wentworth whom you had here the evening
William went away?"

"Yes, father."
"Very well. Never invite him to this
house again."

house again."

"What has he been doing?" asked the young woman, in a rather tremulous voice.

"I desire you also never to ask any one connected with him, that man Kenyon, here follows in.

connected with him, that man Kenyon, for instance," continued her father, ignoring her question.
"I thought," she answered, "that Mr. Kenyon was not in this country at present."
"He is not, but he will be back again, I suppose. At any rate, I wish to have nothing more to do with those people. You understand that?"

nothing more to do with those people. You understand that?"

"Yes, father."

Mr. Longworth went on with his reading. Edith saw that her father was greatly disturbed, and she much desired to know what the reason was, but knew enough of human nature to believe that, in a very short time, he would relieve her anxiety. He again appeared to be trying to fix his attention on the paper. Then he threw it down and turned toward her.

"That man Wentworth," he said hitterly, "behaved today in a faost unjustifiable manner to me in my own office. It seems that William and he and Kenyon embarked in some mine project. I knew nothing of their doings, and was not even consulted with regard to them. Now it appears William has gone to America and done something Wentworth considers wrong. Wentworth came to me and demanded £20,000—the most preposterous thing ever heard



"That man Kenyon, for instance," continued her father.

finds, on going there, that your nephew has secured the option of the mine in his own of Longworth, as if the good name were

added the option of the finite in all own and, as Kenyon says, we are cheated. Now, have you any doubt whether your nephew is a scoundrel or not?"

Mr. Longworth mused for a few moments on what the young man had told him.

"If what you say is exactly true, there is no doubt. William has been guilty of a tiley of yery sharp practice."

a piece of very sharp practice."

"Sharp practice!" cried the other, "you might as well call robbery sharp practice!"

"My dear sir, I have listened to you; now I ask you to listen to me. If, as I say, what you have stated is true, my nephew has done something which I think an hongrable man would not do; but as to that I cannot judge until I hear his side of the story. It may put a different complexion on the matter, and I have no doubt it will; but even grouting your version is ifhe III every particular, what have I to do with it? I am not responsible for my nephew's actions. He has entered into a business connection, it seems, with two young men and has outwitted them. That is probably what the world would say about it. Perhaps, as you say, he has been guilty of something worse, and cheated nephew has done something which I think een guilty of something worse, and cheate his pariners. But even admitting every-thing to be true, I do not see how I am

esponsible in any way."
"Legally you are not; morally, I think,

"If he were your son—"
"But he is not my son, he is my nephew."
"If your son had committed a theft, would you not do everything in your power to counteract the evil he had done?"
"I might, and I might not. Some fathers pay their son's debts, others do not. I cannot say what action I should take in a purely supposititious case."
"Very well, all I have to say is, our option runs out in two or three days. Twenty thousand pounds will secure the mine for us. I want that £20,000 before the option ceases." "If he were your son-

he option ceases.

"And do you expect me to pay you £20,-000 for this?"
"Yes, I do."

Old Mr. Longworth leaned back in his of-fice chair and looked at the young man in "To think that you, a man of the city,

would come to me, another man of the city, with such an absurd idea in your bead, is simply grotesque."
"Then the name of the Longworths is nothing to you—the good name, I mean?"
"The good name of the Longworths, my dear sir, is everything to me, but I think it will be able to take care of itself without any assistance from you."
There was silence for a few moments.

There was silence for a few moments. Then Wentworth said in a voice of suppressed anguish: "I thought, Mr. Longworth, one of your family was a scoundre! I now wish to say! believe the epithetcovers uncle as well as nephew. You have had a chance to repair the mischief one of your family has done. You have answered me with contempt. You have not shown me the slightest indication of wishing to make amends."

amends."

He unlocked the door.
"Come, now," said old Mr. Longworth, rising, "that will do, that will do, Mr. Wentworth." Then he pressed an electric bell, and when the clerk appeared he said: "Show this young gentleman the door, please, and if he ever calls here again do not admit him."

And so George Wentworth, clenching his hands with rage, was shown to the door. He had the rest of the day to ponder on the fact that an angry man seldom accomplishes his purpose.

CHAPTER XXII.

The stormy interview with Wentworth disturbed the usual screnity of Mr. Longworth's temper. He went home earlier than was customary with him that night, and the more be thought over the attack

of Longworth, as if the good name were dependent on him, or oh any one like him. I turned him out of the office." Edith did not answer for a few moments,

while her father gave expression to his in-dignation by various ejaculations that need

dignation by various eja-colations that need inot be here recorded.

"Did he say," she spoke at length, "in what way William had done wrong?"
"Ido not remember now just what he said. I know I told him to come again when my nephew was present, and then make his charges against him, if he wanted to do so. Not that I admitted that I had anything to do with the matter at all; but I simply re-fused to listen to charges against an absent man. I paid no attention to them."

"That certainly was reasonable," replied Edith. "What did he say to it?" "Oh, he abused me, and abused William, and went on at a dreadful rate, until I was obliged to order him out of the office." "But what did he say about meeting

"But what did he say about meeting William at your office and making the charges against him?"
"What did he say? I don't remember. Oh, yes, he said it would be too late then; that they had only a few days to do what business they have to do, and that is why he made the demand for £20,000. It was to remark the harm whatever the harm was he made the demand for \$20,000. It was to repair the harm, whatever the harm was william had done. I look on it simply as some blackmailing scheme of his, and I am astonished that a man belonging to as good a house as he does should try that game with me. I shall speak to the elder partner about it temerrow, and if he does not make the young man apologize in the most abject manner, he will be the loser by it, I can tell you that."

"I would think no more about it, father, if I were you. Do not let it trouble you in the

if I were you. Do not let it trouble you in the

"Oh, it doesn't trouble me; but young men nowadays seem to think they can say any-thing to their elders."
"I mean," she continued, "that I would

not go to his partner for a day or two. Wait and see what happens. I have no doubt when he thinks over the matter, he will be thoroughly ashamed of himself."
"Well, I hope so!"
"Then give him the chance of being ashamed of himself, and take no further steps in the matter."
Edith, very shortly afterward, went to her own room, and these charging her

Edith, very shortly afterward, went to her own room, and there, clasping her bands behind her, she walked up and down her own room, and there, clasping her hands behind her, she walked up and down thinking, with a very troubled heart, on what ahe had heard. Her view of the matter was very different from that of her father. Bhe felt certain something wrong had been done by her cousin. For a long time she had distrusted his supposed friendship for the two young men, and now she pictured to herself John Kenyon in the wilds of Canada, helpless and despondent because of the great wrong that had been done him. It was far into the night when she retired, and it was early next morning when she arose. Her father was bright and cheerful at breakfast, and had evidently forgotten all about the unpleasant incident of the day before. A good night's sleep had crased it from his memory. Edith was glad of this, she did not mention the subject. After he had gone to the city the young woman prepared to follow him. She did not take her carriage, but hailed a hansom and gave the driver the number of Wentworth's offices. That young man was evidently somewhat surprised to see her. He had been trying to write to Kenyon some account of his interview with old Mr. Longworth, and, somehow, after be had finished, he thought John Kenyon would not at all approve of his zeal, so had just torn the letter up.

"Take this chair," he said, wheeling an armchair into position. "It is the only comfortable one we have in the room."

"Comfort does not matter," said Miss Longworth. "I came to see you about the mice mine. What has my cousin done?"

How do you know he has done any-"That' does not maker, I have. Tell me as quickly as yourcan what he has done."

Alt is not a very pleasant story to tell," he said, "to a young lady about one of her

he said, "to a young lady about one of her relatives."

"Never mind that. Tell me."

"Yery well, he has done this. He has pretended he was our friend and pretended he was going to ald us in forming this company. He has flelayed us by every means in his power until the option has nearly expired. Then he has gone to Canada and secured-for himself, and a man named Melville, the option of the mine when John Kenyou's time is up. That is to say, at 12 o'clock tomorrow, when Kenyou's option expires your cousin will pay the money and will own the mine: after which, of course, Kenyon and myself will be out of it. I don't mind the loss at all. I would gladly give Kenyon my share; but for John it is a terrible blow. He had counted on the money to pay debts of honor which he owes to his father for his education. He calls them debts of honor; they are not debts of honor in the ordinary sense of the word. Therefore it seemed to me a terrible thing that that—"here he paused and did not go on. He saw there were tears in the eyes of the girl to whom he was talking.

"It is brutal," he said, "to tell you all

there were tears in the eyes of the girl to whom he was talking.

"It is brutal," he sold, "to tell you all this. You are not to blame for it, and neither is your father, although I spoke to him in a heated manner yesterday."

"When did you say the option expires?"

"At 12 o'clock noon tomorrow."

"How much money is required to buy the mine?"

Twenty thousand pounds."
Cannoney be sent to Canada by cable?"
Yes; I think so."

"Yes; I think so."
"Arn't you quite sure?"
"No; I am not. It can be sent by telegraph in this country and in America."
"How long will it take you to find out?"
"Only a few moments."
"Yery well; where is Mr. Kenyon now?"
"Kenyon is in Ottawa. I had a cablegram from him vesterday."

from him yesterday."

"Then will you write a cablegram that can be sent away at once, asking him to wait at the felegraph office until he gets a further message from you?"

"Yes; I can do that; but what good will it do?"

it do?"
"Never mind what good it will do; perhaps it will do no good. I am going to jry to make it of some good. Meanwhile, remember, if I succeed, John Kenyon must never know the particulars of this transaction."
"He never will if you are as."

"He never will; if you say so."
"I say so. Now it is six hours earlier here than it is in Canada, is it not?"
"About that length of time. I think."
"Very well, lose no time in getting the cable message sent to him, and tell him to answer, so that we shall be sure he is at the other end of the wire. Then find out about the cabling of the messer. I shall be lack the cabling of the money. I shall be back here, I think, about the same time you are." With that she left the office, and getting into her cab, was driven to her rather's place of business.
"Well, my girl," said the old man, show-

ing his spectacles up on his brow and gazing at her, "what is it now, some new extrava-

gance."
"Yes, father, some new extravagance."
"Yes, father, some new extravagance."
His daughter was evalently excited, and her breath came quickly. She closed the door and took a chair opposite her father.
"Father," she said. "I have been your business man, as you call me now, for a long time."

business man, as you call me now, for a long time."

"Yes, you have. Are you going to strike for an increase of salary?"

"Pather," she said tearnestly, not heed-the locularity of his tone, "this is very serious. I want you to dive me some money for myself—to speculate with."

"I will do that very gladly. How much do you want." The lost man turned his chair round and pulled, at his check book.

"I want £30,000," she answerd.

Mr. Longworth wheeled quickly round on her and looked at her mastonishment. Thirty thousand what?",

"Thirty thousand pounds, father, and I want then w—and I want it in cash."

"My dear girl," he expostulated, "have you may fidea how much £30,000 is? Do you know that £30,000 is a fortune?"

"Yes, I know that."

"Do you know that there is not one in twenty of the richest merchants in London

"Bo you know that there is not one in twenty of the richest merchants in London who could at a moment's notice draw £30,000 in ready money?"

"Yes, I suppose that is true. Have you not the ready money?"

"Yes, I have the money. I can draw a check for that amount and it will be bonored at once; but I cannot give yor so much money without knowing what you are going to do with it."

"And suppose, father, you do not approve

"And suppose, father, you do not approve of what I am going to do with It."
"All the more reason, my dear, that I-should know."

"Then, father, I suppose you mean that whatever services I have rendered you— whatever comfort I have given you—what I have been to you all my life is not worth £30,000."

"You shouldn't talk like that, daughter. Everything I have is yours, or will be when I die. It is for yoh I work. It is for you I accumulate money. You will have everything I own the moment I have to lay

you I accumulate money. You will have everything I own the moment I have to lay down my work."

"Father," cried the young girl, standing up before him, "I do not want your money when you die. I do not want you to die, as you very well know; but I do want £30,000 today, and now. I want it more than I ever wanted anything else before in my life or ever shall again. Will you give it to me?"

"No, I will not, unless you fell me what you are going to do with it?"

"Then, father, you can leave your money to your nephew when you die. I shall never touch a penny of it. I now bid you good-by. I will go out from this room and earn my own living."

With that the young woman turned to go, but her father, with a sprightliness one would not have expected from his years, sprang to the door sand looked at her with alarm.

"Edith, my child, you never talked to me like this before in your life. What is wrong with you?"

"Nothing, father, except that I want a check for £30,000, and want thow."

"And do you mean to say that you will leave me if I do not give it to you?"

"Have you ever broken your word, father?"

"Never, my child, that I know of."

"Have you ever broken your word, father?"

"Never, my child, that I know of."

"Then, remember I am your daughter. I have said if I do not get that money now I shall never enter your house again."

"But £30,000 is a tremendous amount. Remember I have given my word, too, that I would not give you the money unless you told me what it was for."

"Very well, father. I will tell you what it is for when you ask me. I would advise you, though, not to ask me, and I would advise you, though, not to ask me, and I would advise you to give me the money. It will all be returned to you if you want it."

"Oh, I don't care about the money at all, Edith. I merely, of fourse, don't want to see it wasted."

"And, father, have you no trust in my judgment?"

"Well you know I haven't much faith in

"Well, you know I haven't much faith in any woman's judgment in the matter of investing money."

"Trust me this time, father, I shall never ask you for any more."

The old man went slowly to his desk, wrote out a check, and handed it to his daughter. It was for £30,000.

(To be continued.)

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